The GENEVA BALLAD.

To the Tune of 48.

OF all the *Factions* in the Town,
Mov'd by *French Springs* or *Flemiſh Wheels*,
None treads *Religion* upſide down,
Or tears *Pretences* out at heels,
Like *Splay-mouth* with his brace of Caps
Whoſe Conſcience might be ſcan'd per-
By the Dimenſions of his Chaps. (haps

He whom the Siſters ſo adore,
Counting his Actions all Divine,
Who when the Spirit hints, can roar,
And if occaſion ſerves can whine;
Nay he can bellow, bray or bark.
Was ever *ſike a Beuk-larn'd Clerk*,
That ſpeaks all *Lingua*'s of the Ark.

To draw in Proſelytes like Bees,
With *pleaſing Twang* he tones his Proſe,
He gives his Hand-kerchief a ſqueez,
And draws *John Calvin* through his Noſe.
Motive on Motive he obtrudes,
With *Slip-ſtocking Similitudes*,
Eight Uſes more, and ſo concludes.

When *Monarchy* began to bleed,
And *Treaſon* had a fine new name;
When *Thames* was *balderdaſh'd* with *Tweed*,
And Pulpits did like Beacons flame;
When *Jeroboam*'s Calves were rear'd,
And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
This *Goſpel-Comet* firſt appear'd.

Soon his unhallowed Fingers ſtrip'd
His Sov'reign Liege of Power and Land,
And having ſmote his Maſter, ſlip'd
His Sword into his Fellows hand.
But he that wears his Eyes may note,
Oftimes the Butcher binds a Goat,
And leaves his Boy to cut her Throat.

Poor *England* felt his Fury then
Out-weigh'd Queen *Mary*'s many grains;
His very Preaching ſlew more men,
Than *Bonner*'s Faggots, Stakes and Chains.
With *Dog-ſtar Zeal* and Lungs like *Boreas*,
He fought and taught; and what's notorious,
Deſtroy'd his Lord to make him *Glorious*.

Yet drew for *King* and *Parlement*.
As if the Wind could ſtand *North-South*;
Broke *Moſes*'s Law with bleſt intent,
Murther'd and then he wip'd his mouth.
Oblivion alters not his caſe,
Nor Clemency nor Acts of Grace
Can blanch an *Æthiopian*'s Face.

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Ripe for Rebellion he begins
To rally up the Saints in ſwarms,
He bauls aloud, *Sirs, leave your Sins*,
But whiſpers, *Boys, ſtand to your Arms*,
Thus he's grown inſolently rude,
Thinking his Gods can't be ſubdu'd,
Money, I mean, and *Multitude*.

Magiſtrates he regards no more
Than St. *George* or the Kings of *Colen*;
Vowing he'l not conform before
The Old-wives wind their Dead in Woollen.
He calls the Biſhop, *Grey-beard Goff*,
And makes his Power as mere a Scoff,
As *Dagon*, when his Hands were off.

Hark! how he opens with full Cry!
Halloo my Hearts, beware of ROME.
Cowards that are afraid to die
Thus make domeſtick Broils at home.
How quietly Great *CHARLES* might reign,
Would all theſe Hot-ſpurs croſs the Main,
And preach down Popery in *Spain*.

The ſtarry Rule of Heaven is fixt,
There's no Diſſenſion in the Sky:
And can there be a Mean betwixt
Confuſion and Conformity?
A Place divided never thrives:
'Tis bad where Hornets dwell in Hives,
But worſe where Children play with Knives.

I would as ſoon turn back to Maſs,
Or change my Phraſe to *Thee* and *Thou*;
Let the Pope ride me like an Aſs,
And his Prieſts milk me like a Cow:
As buckle to *Smectymnuan* Laws,
The bad effects o'th' Good Old Cauſe,
That have Dove's Plumes, but Vultur's Claws.

For 'twas the *Haly Kirk* that nurs'd
The *Browniſts* and the *Ranters* Crew;
Foul Errors motly Veſture firſt
Was Oaded in a Northern Blue.
And what's th' Enthuſiaſtick breed,
Or men of *Knipperdoling*'s Creed,
But Cov'nanters run up to ſeed?

Yet they all cry, they love the King,
And make boaſt of their Innocence:
There cannot be ſo vile a thing,
But may be colour'd with Pretence.
Yet when all's ſaid, one thing I'll ſwear,
No Subject like th' old Cavalier,
No Traitor like *Jack*------

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